

A MYSTERY YOU WILL WANT TO READ ABOUT

This is no bag of gold stunt—you don't get a house and lot—you don't get any trading stamps and you don't get an automobile or any other premium from what we're going to pull off next week. All you get out of it is a good laugh—and everybody gets the same chance to giggle, snicker or bellow forth in peals of tear-starting, side-breaking mirth.

All you've got to do is to read the thrilling story about Diana Dillpickles, in "A SECRET PRIED LOOSE." It's a new mystery story, and is chuck full of thrills and experiences.

It's a screeching film in six reels telling how a poor misunderstood squab rests under an unjust suspicion!

In this latest harrowing experience of Miss Dillpickles, not until the last chapter does the interest of the reader flag—the train of circumstances rushing, as it were, on to its threatened doom. But happily the obstruction on the track is removed just in time.

The melodramatic career of this busy little heroine will be told in six chapters, the first to appear in Monday's Day Book. Each chapter will be cleverly illustrated.

That'll be about all the advance notice we can give. It's a good tip. Monday's Day Book will give you the first portion of WHAT HAPPENED TO DIANA DILLPICKLES.

LITTLE REGARD FOR FATHERS

It's very discouraging to fathers. Just as they were looking pleasant over being exempted \$500 worth per child in the income tax arrangement, along comes a mean old senate committee, or a sub, and proposes that the exemption be limited to two children.

Such an exemption as originally proposed was intended to help out fathers of dependent children, of course, but the fathers who most need help are those who have large flocks of children.

Oh yes, we've heard old maids and bachelors assert that it is as easy to raise five children as two; that one can buy things cheaper at wholesale, and all that. But it isn't so, and if that old senate thinks it is going to promote fatherhood with a two kid limit, it is going to get a bump.

"PERHAPS I AM 'THE MOSES OF THE MOTHERS,' BUT I SHALL ENTER THE PROMISED LAND"

—SAYS MRS PANKHURST

BY W. H. ALBURN

(Copyrighted, 1913, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

New York, Oct. 25.—"So they call me the women's Moses."

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, head and front of the world's feminist movement and fighting leader of the militant suffragets, sat opposite me, across a big table in the headquarters of the Women's Political Ass'n, where Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont reigns. She was just about to start on her Amer-

ican lecture tour.

Mrs. Pankhurst did not look at all like Michael Angelo's famous statue of Moses.

The table nearly hid the little, delicate figure, elegantly clothed in black velvet, with a black bow at her pink throat and bodice, and cuffs of filmy white lace. Beneath her black velvet hat, edged with gold braid, clustered beautiful light brown hair, with just a tinge of gray.

The soft pink of her unlined face